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Beauty

BEAUTY

Beauty shall not lead me—
No, on no more passionate and never-ending quests.
I am tired of stumbling after her
Through wild, familiar forests and strange morasses—
Tired of breaking my heart and losing my sleep, following
a fitful gleam.

Beauty, you shall fly before me no longer—
Smiling, looking back over your shoulder with beckoning
blushes—
Wanton, trickster, trifler with weak men;
Demanding all and giving nothing in return
But furious dreams and shattering visions.

Beauty, I shall have you—
Not in imagination only, but in the flesh.
You will pursue me with untiring breath, you will press
by my side wherever I go.
Even in the muddy squalor and the thick welter of ugliness,
You shall run to me and put your arms about my hips, and
cling to me;
And, try as I will, you will never be shaken off.

Beauty, I know you now—
And knowing (and loving) you, I will thirst for you no
longer . . .

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Yes, I shall have you—
For I shall run on recklessly
And you will follow after!

Louis Untermeyer

MOON IN THE MORNING

What dost thou, so ghostly white
In the halls of day?—
Facing the triumphant light,
Reveler astray?

When thy silver court was kept,
Thou and thine were free,
And the sun, while dotards slept,
Did not spy on thee.

Scent of jasmine, voices low,
Dost thou seek them yet—
Lovers of the long ago
Thou canst not forget?

Day's gay banners all unfurled
Flaunt from sea to sea:
All the work of all the world
Calls the sun and me.